

THE GREAT
UNIVERSAL
CONTEMPLATION
PHILOSOPHICAL
POEMS



SORIN CERIN

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2018

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Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Al Cistelean within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where

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not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin,

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undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppcase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppcase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

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It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

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On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the

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instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

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To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in *România literară*, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in *România literară*, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

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Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from

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the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new , some

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daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

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The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be

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born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free

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course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

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It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

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Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ...".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

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The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

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Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still

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fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary

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to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the

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audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *`a rebours*, the signs of

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creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence"

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has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, then incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

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Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author

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to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. Existence and Vanity

The Reality,
is the image of a brick,
laid at the foundation of an edifice,
which does not exist,
than as a shadow,
of an image,
what existed,
long before, of to be the World,
of the eternity of Death,
announced once with the Birth,
of a Dream of the abandoned Vanity,
through, the dusty railway stations of the Destinies,
where the Existence,
tried to make to itself a Purpose.

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2. The existential delinquency

The dawns run with the baskets full of Nightmares,
collected overnight,
to be as fresh as possible,
to the Market of Empty Words,
which is delighted with a few Relative Truths,
in the Brothel of Consumption Society,
where the cheerful and stingy dwarves of Economies,
announce huge jumps,
in the industry of the Souls, consumables,
which pass,
increasingly faster
on, the cardboard of the stage,
of a World,
of the existential delinquency.

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3. The Heart of Dreams

The sickles of the Thoughts ,
they started the Autumn harvest,
of the withered leaves from the Heart of Dreams,
which, they fall one by one,
on the cold and inert rock,
of a Forgetfulness,
from which it was carved,
somewhere sometime,
a Love,
which sits milled by the Longings,
in the Hourglass of a Memory of the Past,
what is still flowing into the endless ocean,
of a Tears.

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4. The existential Absurd

The Sunset washes with the blood of Light,
the footsteps of the Darkness,
what will follow,
on the wrinkled forehead of the Time,
so old and senile,
that he loses his Eternal Moments,
with the Destinies, altogether,
on dusty roads of some Stars,
which have died a long time ago than he,
but they come back every time,
in the present of Death on which we live her,
with their Eternal Life of Beyond,
trying to get us out,
by the existential Absurd,
of the Illusions of Life.

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5. Snowing in the deep Traces

Sacred Fire of the Stars,
seems to have lost its zodiac Signs,
for which it was destined,
to consume the World with Love,
burning each Eternity of a Moment,
with the Passing,
on which has given her to the Dreams,
who were incarnate,
snowing,
in the deep Traces,
of the Feelings so frozen,
that even today, the Forgetfulness still skates,
on the clear Water,
of their Life.

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6. The Library of the Tear of a Happiness

I never understood,
why were we incarnate,
as and playing cards,
thrown in disgust on the table of Destiny,
which hopes to win sometimes,
in the face of Love,
extinguishing her the incandescent breath,
even if he would longer make compromises to Death,
cheating shamelessly the Life,
every time when is asked for,
the last read book ,
from the Library of the Tear of a Happiness,
on which,
sat down, from before Time,
the stellar dust,
of the Vanity.

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7. He did not understand us

The Storms of the Souls,
arouse the bitter rains of the Past,
what have swept with the storms of the Thoughts,
the whole maidan of heavy and tired Words,
which, fall, in gusts,
over slabs of hard stone,
of the Cemeteries in us,
on which no longer visits them nor a Moment,
which, still to believe,
and in the candle ignited, of a Happiness,
which is no longer flickering,
through the Darkness dug by Fate,
which feeds us, the deep gold mines,
where he is hiding,
blind and tormented,
the Stranger of the Subconscious,
the only one who, still can keep in touch,
with the Great Contemplation of the Universe,
of a World,

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on which we will never really know it,
thanks to horse glasses,
which they are put to us by the Illusions of Life,
in order not to burn us the eyes of the Relative Truths,
at the sun, enemy and passionate, of a Destiny,
who he did not understand us,
never.

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8. In a Bottle of beverage

Scarves of Passions,
tied by the fences what they barely stand,
on the Questions' feet,
are lost in the Nothingness between drug,
and the inability of to throw anymore,
the chipped dice,
of a Life,
embedded in a Bottle of beverage,
for to be thrown into the ocean of Happiness,
but she lost her stopper,
and, the Water of Death,
flooded it with the Destiny on which it was written,
that whoever will find her floating, ever,
to knows that this Life,
has really Loved,
somewhere sometime,
losing its identity,
in the Eternity of a Moment,
where, you live and today,
the Afterlife,
of a Candle,
of pious remembrance,
which does not melt,
never.

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9. Angels of the Expectations

The Paradise of Happiness,
has become indolent,
with his own Angels of the Expectations,
fallen from the Rights of Love,
because they have not understood,
how much the Feelings have need of Death,
for to live comfortably,
through the lost Cemeteries,
from the Fountains of the Hearts,
dry from us.

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10. The Mistresses of the Thoughts

From the eyes of the vortices of rivers
of some incarcerated Smiles,
in, the swamps of the Illusions of the Life,
the Mistresses of the Thoughts are born,
which, they will create the depraved Love,
by the playful hands of the Absurd,
for to be crucified through, the Brothels of Laws and
Morals,
from, the Consumption Societies,
of the Cemeteries from Words,
tied at the eyes by Death,
with the towels of the Wisdom,
from which every Morning,
the Time drains the sweat of Life,
flowing from the foreheads of some Falling Stars,
which, have forgotten definitive their zodiac Signs,
at the Game Table of the Creation.

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11. The Aquarius of Loves

The wheels of Days cheat their own roads,
who want to lose themselves from the Horizons,
which, they will soon fade them,
the Joys of to Live
whipped by the heat of some Feelings,
whose Dreams,
were fulfilled,
in the pitchers, full,
of the Aquarius of Loves,
which are uncovered,
of any personality,
on the incarnate dust of some Original Sins,
which, they always bite from the frail flesh of the
Moments,
of an Existence,
crucified on nails that pierce always,
the crosses of our Souls.

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12. At the gates of Destinies

Breathing, of Lead,
of the Clouds,
I please, leave your weight,
over the lattice from the Hearts of Days,
whose walls, you to break them,
in thousands of Stars,
whose Lanterns,
to they ignite the undecided Steps of the Glances,
who they meet,
under the Heaven snowed by Passions,
of a Love,
on which the true God,
would have let her fly,
over the Endlessness of Paradise,
which now has the lattice, pulled,
by, the gates of the Destinies,
through the veins of which, it flows,
The Death.

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13. The zodiac Signs of the extinguished lanterns

The existence was startled,
in a chord, of, Thought,
when she created the Universe,
on which has tuned him,
to the other chords
of others astral plans,
who were already singing,
Ode of the Greatness, of the Great Contemplation,
from which it was conceived,
the Awareness, that, we exist,
incarnate,
in the earth of the stellar dust,
for which they fought so many Stars of the Hopes,
of a God,
who has carried on the back bent by the Longing of the
Creation,
the zodiac Signs of the extinguished Lanterns,
of some Primordial Words,
on which Nobody guided them anymore,
until when he watched the Falling Death,
as being a great Compensation,
through which to be born,
The World.

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14. The Bells of the Passing

Justice has fallen,
in, the pit with lions, of the Happiness,
where it is still devoured and today,
by so many Questions,
that the Divine Justice of Perfection,
it will no longer succeed, never,
to untie it at the eyes blinded by Regrets,
that she was not careful when she had to,
to measure the distance between two Hearts,
which then when they beat like Love,
The Bells of the Passing,
they do no longer have what to look for,
on their Heaven,
which will hide with them,
in the Eternity,
on which only the Afterlife,
she can offer it, to them,
through Death.

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15. Ice fishing

The Existence,
has searched through the trash bins of the Time,
the Histories scattered at the rich tables, of the words,
which still can be reused,
by the poor Thoughts,
which are not so pretentious,
as is the Wisdom,
who seeks reasons to quarrel with,
the World
every time they are pushed,
off the ice sheet of the Truth,
directly into the cold Water of the Illusions of Life,
where, the Destiny is still fishing on ice,
Days with cold Smiles,
on which he then cleanses them,
by the flakes of the Moments,
what, they fall, into the fresh snow,
of the Death.

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16. The last act

Flowers of Divine Light,
springing
from the serene Eyes of the Heaven,
of the soul, by the Horizon hurried to run,
which I met,
on the scene where I caught,
the last act of the Happiness,
rebellious on the unforgiving Time,
which has aged her,
ahead of the Truth,
ready to kill its Moment,
who scared and fled,
losing its the virginity of Eternity,
among unconscious applause,
of a Love.

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17. The Life without End of Beyond

The Petals of Dreams,
prevents the Night,
to remember the last verse,
from the strophe of the Vanity,
which would have opened us the locked doors of the
Destinies,
trickled,
through the Blood of the Sunrises,
of the Eternity,
who has snowed us with the Hopes of her Waves,
the Memory of the Star Dust,
in which we have incarnated us the Infinite,
giving at the Death,
a Sense,
for to find us again,
in the Life without End of Beyond,
of a World,
on which we will create it,
from the beginnings,
of the whole Time and Universe.

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18. The butterfly nets of the Dreams

Do you more remember,
when we caught the Falling Stars ?,
with the butterfly nets of the Dreams,
for to put them in the chest of some Questions ?,
which to make their alone the Answers,
what they were illuminating us, the Days of the Kisses,
while we were frying the flesh of some Words,
on which we chewed her, without realizing,
how close we have become,
with each Eternity of Moment,
which draws us closer to Love,
pampering us the Death,
with the bright showcases
of the Souls,
in which we were losing us,
drowning us the Time,
forever.

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19. It's doing good to Health

The wild Times of Time,
have escaped,
from the cages guarded by the Histories of the heavy and
bent Years,
by so many Original Sins,
and now they tear the Destinies,
swallowing them, the bitter Tastes,
until their last Vanity,
of the Existence,
which has customized them so repulsive,
precisely, for to not be swallowed,
by the God of the Passions,
when he more drinks a glass,
of, Primordial Word in addition,
and being so drunk,
of so much Creation, ingurgitated,
to not feed only with the Destinies,
to taste even and a Moment or Absolute Truth,
whereas the most varied diet,
it's doing him good to Health.

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20. The brightest Angel

The showcases of the false Smiles,
they stand hidden behind the blinds of Glances,
drawn over the cheeks of the Illusions of Life,
who plays at roulette the Fate of the World,
hoping to earn as much as possible Death,
on the drugged streets,
where the Tears have washed every Night,
the dying Blood of a Moment,
who has sold his entire Eternity,
for a single syringe,
of Happiness,
receiving instead,
Debauchery, existentially,
from the breathing of a Truth of Nobody,
under whose mask it's hiding, the Inferno,
which has left its Paradise,
angry that it is not, the brightest Angel,
of the Divine Light.

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21. As efficient as possible in the building of the fences

The builders of the Consciences,
are overwhelmed to build,
new Brothels of Words,
in the press which presses,
the Salvation,
the Vegetables of the Consumption Society,
defiant and hostile to any Progress,
which germinates the disgust of the World,
desiring,
be as efficient as possible,
in the building of the barbed wire fences of the Love,
in which to not scratch by mistake,
the ones careless at the luminous Fate,
of the Vanity,
in which the Future was incarnated.

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22. The palms of the Eyes

The lost steps
thrown on, the Windows of the eyelids,
of some Clouds,
whose rains of Regrets,
they are opening to the Meanings,
of lively Summer,
what, have cooled the Hearts of the Saviors,
whose crowns of Thorns,
they seem to have forgotten their Moments,
in the baskets of the abundance of a Happiness,
who jumps, stabbed,
off the chair of a Horizon of the Fulfillment,
that flees from the palms of the Eyes,
in which Love guesses,
the Future of Death,
leaving the place to the Forgetfulness.

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23. The World of the Kiss

The laws of the wilderness,
have been learned by heart,
at the School of the Absurd ,
by the Destinies which have snowed over the World,
snowing on her with Happenings,
in which they often get stuck,
the massive wheels of Time,
what, he did not learn to die, not even now,
frozen by, the Truth,
of a Love,
hidden in the Eternity of the Moment,
which it gave birth to the whole World,
of the Kiss.

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24. To fully understand

Why the World,
it did not notice,
the bent and dying hand,
of the Destiny,
as encompasses it
the sumptuous and loaded dress by Days,
at the Ball of the Absolute Truth,
which shines,
by overcoming the Stars of his own zodiac Sign,
what they do not want to let themselves,
prey to Illusions of Life,
which complete the picture of the Existence,
what comprises the wings, of Angel of the Death,
on which to fly the Time,
stealing the kindled Heart of the World,
by the Sacred Fire,
of its Eternal Moments,
predestined to a Destiny,
on which no one,
will not be able to fully understand him,
ever,
how has become,
bent and dying,
once he had the power to remain,
eternal?

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25. To rest its own Death

The Existence,
seems to have given her last Money of Personalizations,
on the Stars full of alcoholic grades,
from the crumbs of some Glances,
what dwell in the breasts of the Contemplation,
of a Consciousness,
what has sculpted the Universe,
self aware,
who wants to forget the Happiness,
which has burned the Sacred Fire,
transforming it,
in bricks heated by Pain,
which to can feel,
the Vanity of Creation,
what has dried up in the fountain of Illusions of Life,
whose dreams about endless oceans,
are lost in the endless Tears,
of a Time,
what waits to be able to pass quietly,
with the head on the Years snowed by Original Sins,
from which he made a pillow,
on which to rest,
its own Death.

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26. Years and Years Light

Rivers of letters,
they flow over the foreheads of the Words,
turning them into the sweat of a Phrase,
on which the Handkerchiefs of the crooked Mouths,
and full of venom,
of some bold Commas,
would like to delete it,
with the help of a Heaven of Dreams,
on which to squeeze it later,
in the Dust,
what embodies the Consciousness of to exist,
The Death,
which, once watered,
will explode into the Stars of Thoughts,
which, they will light the Vault of Knowledge,
of the Absurd,
Years and Years Light,
until when and the Past will get tired,
to he continue run in the Future,
enlivening us, the Present.

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27. As a given and as a taken

An Universe,
whose landmarks are not,
and they will never be known,
it can not exist,
in the Divine Light,
of the Awareness of some Personalizations.

An existential chord,
which can not be reached,
will not prick,
with the sharp thorns of the Profoundness,
the Existence,
strangling the breathing,
of a World,
whose Being,
consists in, the vibrations,
between, the Life, as a given,
and the Death, as a taken,
killing,
gradually, but surely,
Free Will,
left as the tar of the Darkness,
to not flood, the Creation,
hidden under the veil of Illusions of Life.

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28. When its Energy

How much brilliance,
to have had,
the fist of mud of the Knowledge,
with a disagreeable smell of putrefaction,
in which, I sink the Steps of Dreams,
when its Energy,
was the dust of the Word of the Creation,
then,
passed,
in the Sacred Fire of the Great Universal Contemplation,
as then to have formed a Star of Beauty,
which collapsed in her own Happiness,
of to light,
a Darkness,
what he would never have deserved,
be Aware of the existence,
of the Eternity?

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29. Without Death and Loneliness

A Happiness without Death,
is a dry ocean,
on which the waves of the Infinite will no longer lead
Eternity,
toward the Stars of the Dreams,
which, they will snowing,
over the frozen Meanings of the World,
with, the heat of a Love.

A Hug without Loneliness,
is like a saddle,
on which they will never sit down,
the wings of Angels of some Words,
on which we have been waiting them, from before than all
the Times,
to give us their beatings,
for the Hearts of Horizons,
on which we never could have touched them.

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30. The rope of the Days

The branches of Infinity,
they hit in the window of Destiny,
announcing the eternity,
of the Death.

The strangled chains of the Happiness,
they break into pieces of full Moon,
lightening the oppressive Darkness,
of the Vanity of Life.

The tears of the Words,
they are put to dry,
on the rope of the Days,
which, hangs Events,
what barely are hold,
by the hooks of the dirty laundry,
of the Meanings from the Eyes,
put to, whitening,
by, the Mafia of Happenings,
of an Existence,
which suddenly became,
of the Nobody.

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31. Cemeteries of daily obligations

The Bells of the Times,
beat like rust,
on the troubled streets,
of so much rain sentimental,
which flows,
on the black asphalt,
of the Separation,
from the Fair flooded with Dreams, of the Vanity,
where the health workers of the Moments,
have arrived urgently,
to take out all the Water of Life,
what would still try to think of Happiness,
for to spill her,
in the Cemeteries of daily obligations
on which the Society of Consumption, Existences,
requests them.

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32. The genetic disaster

Armies of Angels,
made,
after the image and likeness of the Creator,
are heading,
toward the existential Apocalypse of Love,
hoping,
to defeat the Hydra of Existence,
so indebted to the Death,
that has donated its last Moment,
to a Bank Cemetery,
what flowed in the Blood of the Genes,
since from the Genetic Disaster,
which exploded,
before it is born, the Time,
of the World,
what will give us,
so much Absurd,
that the price of Life,
no longer had any importance.

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33. To define us as Beings

Freedom is a landmark of the Vanity,
as well as the Life is, of the Madness, of to be Aware of,
the Absurd,
of that,
however,
we have so much need,
to define us as Beings,
what can be banished anytime,
but never,
without,
The Subconscious Stranger,
who owns the unique link,
which links Reality,
from before the Illusion of Life,
through the Dream which we live it,
regardless of whether it is,
beautiful, ugly, good, evil, nightmare,
pulls his sap,
from the bitter sweet roots,
of the Death,
who builds its cathedrals,
in ourselves.

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34. In the marshes of a Knowledge

Rivers of flint, they pull out the sparks of the Genesis,
igniting the existential nature,
of the shores full of Hopes,
which have become Horizons, untouchable,
for the foreheads of the Happiness,
what would it like to swim up to the statue of Inquisition,
of a Consciousness of the Illusions of Life,
which was tangled in the marshes,
of a Knowledge,
for which the Lie or the Truth,
are two Highlights,
haunted by the bad luck
of an Existence,
inexperienced to praise,
The Death,
as being the only open door,
toward the Freedom of the Absolute Truth.

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35. The Last Supper of Death

The tears of the Stones,
do not want to become existential Statues,
chiseled by the stellar chisel of a Time,
who chews his daily Routine,
on the face of an Existence,
of the Nobody,
who feeds with shapes and images,
carved in the Blood whose Histories,
have become so carnal,
that they can be cooked,
at the Last Supper of Death,
where the Words have caught the Spirit,
for to embody themselves,
in the deep Souls,
of the Cemeteries,
with the smell of dust,
freshly watered by the Water of Life.

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36. The remnants of Words

The rebellious fingernails,
have scratched the graves dug deep,
in the Blood of Consciousness,
which gushing, troubled by Trees of Contemplations,
on whose foreheads,
the Days hung,
they bound their bloody halter of some Sunsets,
over which,
descends the Darkness,
whose shadow,
seems to have been lost forever,
in the remnants of Words,
which can be recycled,
of Death.

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37. The other side of his

The world was thought by Creation,
as a great Meditation,
about the Existence,
who was thinking somewhere- sometime,
to the existential Happiness of Illusion,
but intervened the Necessity,
of to continue the Beginning of the Contemplation,
appearing the Time,
accompanied obligatorily by the other side of his,
on which would have wanted to hide her of Eternity,
namely,
the Death.

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38. Knowing too well

The justice,
although it was thought of as a defense wall,
for, the Moments,
which, they can not fight alone with the Existence,
has become a Tear of Consciousness,
because the Time,
never wanted to be a partaker,
to the war between Illusion and Reality,
knowing too well,
that his passing,
on the zebra of Truth and Lying,
it is due to,
the Death.

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**39. The trays of the Becoming, and Existence of
Being**

We framed our Soul in Death,
once with the Birth,
for as, the whole Life,
to we paint the painting of our own Destiny,
in colors as pastel as possible,
believing that they bring the Happiness,
being bought from the Fair of the Existence,
where we realize,
that we do not have with what to we pay,
nor a few minuscule Original Sins,
not to mention of, others much heavier,
placed on the trays, of the Becoming, and Existence of
Being,
for to wear them obligatorily,
on the back of the Conscience,
whose spine was broken,
of so many Prayers read,
for to receive in return,
the coloristic Easel of the Fulfillment,
which was thrown,
at the Garbage Pit of the Primordial Word,
long before of TO BE
The Universe.

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40. The Angel of Existence

I was stumbled,
by the Flower of the Smile,
on which, I have picked her up,
for to give it, to the Dust
which embodied the Feelings,
which, have thwarted the Illusions of Life,
on whose wings, the Angel of Existence flies,
which opens the locked gates of the World,
for to let enter,
as much as possible Paradise and Inferno,
Good and Bad, Beautiful and Ugly,
from the inexhaustible source of the Primordial Word,
which feeds the Consumption Society,
with more,
Death.

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41. Empire of the Depersonalization of Souls

Why did Creation conceive us?,
a World of Dice of some Nails?,
which have nailed the palms of the Savior,
by the Obligatory Original Sins,
which have accompanied us since from Birth,
lest they lose,
nor the smallest crumbs of Destiny,
which could feed,
the garrulous sparrows of the Despair,
what, have torn with the beaks of the Will,
even the last Trace,
of the Free will,
deepened by the Steps of the Divine Light,
who still hopes to save us,
from the Empire of Depersonalization of Souls.

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42. The dry existential fountains

The words of some Feelings,
are swinging,
in the Wind torn by the pain of Separation,
falling from the arms of the branches,
grown in the deep wrinkles,
of dry existential fountains,
of an Angel of the Conscience,
in the cold and inert dust,
of some Question marks,
which, they throw them,
disgusted,
on the counter of the Meanings,
the payment note,
which they have to pay it,
if they want to sleep at the Pension of the World,
patronized, since when the Life existed,
of Death.

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43. Hide-and-seek

We are a World of Statues,
carved by death,
in every Eternity of Moment,
who is playing with the Life,
hide-and-seek,
in a deserted station of the Love,
where no train of the Retrievals,
no longer stops,
scattering the stellar dust
of the Forgetfulness,
which is laid on the zodiac Signs,
defeated by fatigue,
of so many expectations kneeling,
in the cathedrals of the Longing,
whose ruins can still be seen and today,
through the Cemeteries of the Words that have incarnated
us,
somewhere sometime,
the Happiness.

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44. The rotted shelves

Libraries, of Days,
they stay cramped,
on the rotted shelves, of some Years,
exhausted,
after they were forced to work,
carrying the blocks of stone,
from which the Primordial Word,
has carved for the World,
the Destiny,
on which he polished it so much,
until the Existential Candle,
of his expression,
it melted,
transforming itself in an Stellar Dust,
white and immaculate,
with which it is drugged and now,
the Death,
being truly,
Happy.

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45. The Eyes of River of the Life

Stairs of Heaven,
fall on the Horizons of the Passions,
drowned in the Blood of Hopes,
of a Sunset,
wandered on the ways of the Night,
which flows through the veins,
of its Dreams,
to he look, at least once,
in the Eyes, of River, of the Life,
of a Day,
which to give him, the Eternity,
of a single Moment of Divine Light,
in which to fall asleep its Conscience,
forever.

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46. Pension of Moments

The bitter dreams,
grown,
from the roots, of, wormwood,
of the Existence,
they roll the Heart of the Night,
toward the desert of the Passions,
on which the Savior of Love has to endure them,
renegade even and by the Cross of the Original Sins,
which, have snowed, nonchalant and frivolous ,
over the Cathedrals full of Promises,
where,
it still prays,
the Happiness,
so that may receive and other Souls,
in her poor Pension, of Moments.

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47. Churches of Drugs

The gnawed knees,
of the Foreheads of Remorses,
they still fall deafening,
on the steps of the Churches of Drugs,
where it worships often,
the Consciousness of Death,
fallen from the parental rights of the Happiness,
to whom he promised the entire Existence,
not knowing that, and this one is based,
only on the stick of gendarme,
of the Death,
which often beats,
the hour of the Despair,
in heavy investigations,
of the Relative Truths,
who define us as Beings.

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48. Where the Savior is housed

The tortured riots by the Illusions,
offerings wrapped in absurdities,
hooves with the lost horseshoes of the Luck,
struck by the lightnings of the Free Horses,
what they no longer want to go,
in the Traces of the Glasses,
which have been put to them,
for to not see the Darkness,
from the harnesses of the Consumption Society,
which have kept them bound,
by the manger of the Primordial Word,
where is usually housed the Savior,
of the Obligatory Original Sins,
on which the Illusions of Life watered them,
with the dry hay of the Days,
lost at the lottery of a Time,
unfaithful and sadistic,
for to put the saddle on them,
as then to ride them,
building them Churches of Financial Adultery,
sufficiently big,
that the Source so necessary of the Sins,
never, to not drown.

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49. The sumptuous edifice of the Absurd

Backstage games
lotteries faked,
the shattered Existence,
Stars rusted on sick Epaulets,
they roll,
drained by the Time, Judge,
in the trash can of the Histories,
on which Life has kneaded them,
for to bake the dough of the Moral,
from which will feed Death,
admiring the Cemeteries of Dreams,
from the Blood of an Eternal Moment,
on which I built it,
at the sumptuous edifice,
of the Absurd.

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50. The Antidote of Death

Why the Paradise hung himself,
with the rope of the Inferno ?,
when he could find for himself,
own cloth,
to wipe on foot
with the Stars of the Epaulettes,
off the shoulders of the Devils Bankers,
of the Society of Consumption of the Immoral Dreams ?,
that leans on the back of Days,
of a sick Time,
by the Adultery of the Conscience,
who decides,
which Law, applies,
to the Cemeteries from the Thoughts,
of every patient of the World,
which was of long time, in the sanatorium of nerve
diseases,
which belongs to the Destiny,
who treats her madness of to Exist,
with the antidote,
of the Death.

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51. The Great Universal Contemplation

Consciousness can not exist without the passing,
or temporal regression,
as well as Life,
without sequential Death of the Moments,
which are successive,
to the Eternity,
in a saraband of the existential remembrance,
of the Great Universal Contemplation,
which illuminates the Nothingness,
enlivening him with the Divine Light of the Feeling,
which will be,
in all the Sacred Words of Knowledge,
from which they will form in their turn,
new astral levels,
of Energies,
of the Absolute Truth.

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**52. They have kindled with the foreheads of the
Knowledge**

The personalizations,
of the Person of the Temporality ,
of the Great Universal Contemplation,
are incarnate in Existence,
for, to give it to her,
the liveliness of the Words, Matrices,
from which will hatch the Worlds,
of the existential Miracles,
of the Sufferings or Happinesses,
so conscious of own Self,
that they have kindled with the foreheads of the
Knowledge,
the entire Stellar Fire of the Universe.

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53. It was of the Nobody

The roots of the Universal Consciousness of Meaning,
they enter deep down
in the ocean of a Tears of Feeling,
from which the Water of the Life drank,
the Universal Destiny of Existence,
for which the Eternity has sacrificed itself,
in the arms of a Time,
of the Vanity,
bringing a Moment of Love,
on the cheeks extinguished and burned ,
by the Sacred Fire of Loneliness,
of a Nothingness,
which until then,
it was, of the Nobody,
and now,
the Becoming and the Existence of Being,
they defined him as being,
All, that Are,
Are not and will longer Be.

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54. Time, fallen

The existential crossroads,
they sell at the edge of the roads of the Feelings,
Destinies, retreaded,
for the rusty wheels of Consciousness,
full of the mud of the frivolous Thoughts,
of the Time,
fallen into the swamp,
of a moribund Moment of the World,
on which he could not tame her,
not even the swamps
of the Sacred Fire of Existence,
no matter how much Happiness they would have promised,
to the Cemeteries of Hopes,
in which she tried to move out,
The Death.

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55. The Sonata of the insane World

The Voice of the Primordial Word,
has become hoarse,
in the pulpit of Existence,
when it was put to sing,
the Sonata of the insane World,
in the agreements of Sanatorium for Mental Illness,
where the Existence of Being, feeds
with new masterpieces of the art of to Procreate
the sado-masochistic Dreams,
for, the unborn spurs, of Stars without zodiac Signs,
what they will hit powerfully,
the free Horses of Hopes,
and have stolen them, the glasses forever,
being fashionable,
for to be worn,
in front of,
the Future,
which illuminates their path,
of the Absurd.

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56. In the Eyes of the Lake

Drops of Twilight,
they flow slowly,
on the invincible fortress of Divine Light,
which falls like a convicted Angel,
in the Eyes of Lake of Sweat,
of a Memory,
on which no collapsed shore,
in the Heart of Happiness,
has not found it,
saying how much,
God loved his World,
for Destiny Steps,
which, he met us, the Vanities,
for to turn them into Virtues,
of some old Times,
which, and today, they polished us, the Star of Eternity of a
Moment,
in which we hid,
the Eternity.

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57. Which shines on the finger of a Destiny

The regrets of the late rains of autumn,
wash the tombs of the Words,
in which we kissed,
the Glances,
what they slipped on cloudy ice,
of the Ocean of a Tear,
of Happiness,
which has dried up in the Winter of the Sacred Fire,
which burned us,
the Dreams so much,
that,
their ashes became,
a diamond of the Regrets,
which shines on the finger of a Destiny,
which is no longer ours.

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58. They bloomed the Smiles

Traverses of desolate chords,
sing to the Nothingness,
from, the Autumn,
of the Dreams that began to rain,
over the withered Blood,
by, the Longing of the Word,
in which we met,
the buds of the Hopes,
what barely they bloomed the Smiles,
of some Fulfillments,
whose Cemeteries,
have become too small
for so many Moments,
which have tied us to the corners of Eternity,
not knowing that the chains of the Hopes will rust,
and we will lose ourselves,
in a Horizon,
on which none,
will not be able to catch him,
ever.

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59. The hourglass of the Nothingness

Wheels of Fire
they revolve over the Eternity,
of the Hearts,
who have beaten their Time,
to he no longer dare ever,
to come back,
rotating himself around the Love,
whose shores,
they face the waves of the hot Blood,
from the rebellious Memories,
of a Tears,
which flows on, the Hourglass of the Nothingness,
in which are lost,
the grains of Sentimental sand,
carried by the cold and deaf Winds,
of the Despair.

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60. The mother of her own Death

Wind Illusions,
have scattered the frames of paintings,
used by Existence,
for to frame the Life,
which its drains its Meaning,
in the Eternity of the Moment,
on which she never understood him,
even if has treated the Suffering with Forgiveness,
and the Vanity with the Contempt,
in the short trip,
when the Birth,
began to wish, the World,
as the mother
of the her own Death.

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61. The emaciated caravans

Expectations,
strangled by Time,
on the scaffold of Memories
they swarm for to sting,
the Harmony of Happiness,
with the needles of ruby of the Sunset,
which more is losing a Day,
from the epopee of a Time,
whose Pathos,
it will no longer be, never,
swallowed,
of Love,
through, the emaciated caravans of the Thoughts,
what they will no longer go anywhere,
because nor a Tear, of Moment,
no longer wants to carry them,
towards its Endlessness,
which grinds us,
Windmills,
of the Destinies.

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62. So far away from us

Anchors of the Years,
were left,
to flood the Hearts of the waves, by Feelings,
with the weight of Dreams,
which draw them into the depths of Hope,
where only Love still can breathe,
the strong air of Truth,
which is not infected by the Smiles of the artificial flowers ,
of the Promises,
from which we have built us a World,
so far away from us,
that never,
we will not be able to touch its Heart,
full of, the Lightnings and the thunders,
of the Happinesses,
which are downloading,
in the Blood with which we write,
the sentimental epistles,
for the Primordial Word,
without we knowing anything,
about the Stranger of Subconscious,
who becomes for us, the Guardian Angel,

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from behind,
of the gray clouds,
of lead,
of the Illusion,
which make us believe,
that we are ourselves,
those who have defeated,
the Meeting with the Destiny of a Death,
by Birth.

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63. The new Churches

The contraceptives have become,
the new Churches at which are praying,
the Destinies,
frightened by the Life,
who is withdrawing from the Heaven,
of its own Illusions,
leaving place for the Nothingness of Dreams,
which flows over the wing of the Absolute Truth,
in which the Stars of Harmony are reflected,
of an Universe,
disgusted by, the Sufferings,
of the Original Sins, Obligatory,
who feed the Death,
obese
what barely can longer go,
on the alleys of the Passionate Cemeteries,
from our Blood.

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64. To germinate

I can not believe,
in the Holiness of Illusion,
as I would accept,
to run the Absolute Truth,
cripple,
by me myself,
to the dirty and compromised table of the Creation,
drowned in the Moral,
of the Vices,
which, they discover the frivolous body of Love,
for which the lyres of poets have gnawed their nails of the
Years,
spit on the street of the Seed Husks,
which, they will never germinate,
new Births,
of the Death.

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65. A new Primordial Word

And I will drink the whole Ocean of your Dreams,
until when I will become the Fountain,
of the Jug of your Soull,
in which you were incarnate,
as to we be together,
I,
the Water of Life,
and you,
Shadoof,
of the profound endlessness of the Universe,
which to pull me out,
from me myself,
thus forsaking the agony in which I held,
the Subconscious Stranger
who gave us the blessing,
to give birth,
a new Primordial Word,
without Time, this time,
pronouncing, the magical,
I Love You,
together.

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66. Prophets, Sharks

Dreams infirm,
rusted by the Desert Steps
they twinkle in the wax candles,
of the Smiles, cold and lonely,
The Death.

The wallets chockfull of Prophets, Sharks,
grab the flesh of the Day,
hitting with power the Balance of the Consumer Society,
for to unbalance its Truth,
of the Existence,
to whom he promises,
that he will have the Happiness of a Horizon,
of the liberation of Self
only if it will learn,
to Die.

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67. Has transformed him

The Existence,
is a robbery of Ideas,
stolen from Creation,
for to be given,
to Death.

Life,
it recovers in the Cemeteries of its own Blood,
on which she has transformed him into sumptuous
cathedrals,
of the Happiness.

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68. Will become in a day

Necklaces of phantasms,
who still have so much of to narrate,
they shine on the throat of the Morning,
with the heavy head by the sleep,
of the Peace with yourself,
which does not give you the Peace,
so necessary,
to the Stranger, Subconscious,
who wrote a Night,
in the Blood of Destiny,
what will become in a day,
a Book sold at a discounted price,
on the stand of the flea market,
of a Remembrance,
from the Cemetery of some Dreams,
which, they will no longer incarnate,
never.

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69. The serene Sky of the Subconscious Stranger

Never in Love,
you will not embrace the Shadow,
in which was incarnate, the Divine Light,
of the Absolute Truth,
from the Eternity of a Moment,
which is lost in the Star of Happiness,
who appeared on the vault of the Smiles,
from the budded Horizons of the Souls,
what, flying over the cathedrals of the Promises,
snowing with petals of wings
from the holy rose of Sentiments,
on the serene Sky of the Subconscious Stranger,
who admire us,
the Eternity.

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70. The roulettes, fallen

The dice with lost glances,
they guard the supporting pillars of the World,
which has lost too much,
in the soiled casino of the Passions,
which faces with its own Aspirations,
Living.

The roulettes fallen from the parental rights,
they still rotate the dizzy Destinies,
by the alcoholic degrees of the Stars,
poured into the glasses of some Lives,
whose Water,
do not manage to drink her until the end,
of the Illusions.

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71. The technological standards

Rumors tied at head,
with the Promises,
fallen from the rights of the Zodiac signs,
what they are building for them,
altars, of, Prophecies,
at which to worship,
the Destinies,
tailored after the measures of Incarnations,
whose Dust,
has become overweight,
due to counterfeit Dreams,
of the Consumption Society,
which feeds Death,
to the highest standards,
technological, of the Vanity.

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72. Horseshoes full of Passion

Of much sweat of Days,
I'm not anymore,
somewhere, sometime,
in a World created on the anvil of the Mornings,
where the Sacred Fire of Love,
he shared us Horseshoes full of Passion,
which, they bring Good Luck,
even in the forsaken homes of the Souls,
where we come in, to pray to the Love,
whose icon we wore at the neck of our Glances,
which have found us again,
the Eternity of the Moment,
from which we were born.

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73. Happiness answered me

I asked, the Creation,
why she gave birth to us, door handles,
for to we be open like a book,
by the cold and impersonal hands of the Destinies,
who want to enter us definitively on the door of the Lives,
giving us instead,
The Death.

Happiness answered me,
who sat down,
on the withered foreheads of the Time,
showing me the cadaverous face of the Passing,
on which nothing from the World,
can no longer do her,
Fulfilled,
apart from the Cemeteries we breathe,
with each Moment,
which does not exist anymore.

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74. So far

Let me catch, to you at the Heart,
the whole necklace of Stars,
from the vault of the Stranger of my Subconscious,
such that all the zodiac Signs of this world,
to give us,
the existential Happiness of the Eternity,
of, whose waves,
we hit our Destinies,
without having reached the port of the Encounter,
with the Absolute Truth of Love,
so far,
when the World, got dressed, in the gala dress of Existence
for to lead us on the last road,
of the Eternity,
of a fulfilled Dream,
through Death.

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75. So many Shadows

You, the cry, deaf,
you live among the noises of Rains of Stars,
with which we wash us the palms of Destinies,
calloused
of so many Shadows,
of the Society of Consumption, the Lives,
that we come to believe,
that the Earth of incarnation,
is an existential Mud,
from which we will can never go out,
without we getting bogged down again
trampling,
again and again,
in the same Death,
predestined by the Creation,
in the pot of the Aspirations,
in which she boiled the soup of the Existence.

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76. They no longer struggling in the Hearts

The lace of reproaches,
is spreading on the Shores of the Expectations,
haunted by the Waves of the rays of a Separation,
being brought on the white wings,
of the Foam of broken Memories,
what they no longer struggling in the Hearts,
who have not remained poisoned,
by the cold Steps of the Time,
who has trampled us,
the Ocean of Love,
in the tired legs,
of so much Passing
drowned in the Horizon, crazy,
of the Loss.

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77. The Saints of the Prisons

Of how much Death, the Birth would have needed,
to fulfill its Destiny,
of the existential Awareness, from the age of Time,
played at, the roulette of the Aspirations,
for to be accomplished,
the Death,
through Being and Becoming,
in the cold and unwelcoming Traces,
left to the World,
by a God,
what seems,
that he would never have been of hers,
and any Meaning of Freedom,
he would have been invoked as Lawlessness,
by the Knees, ringed and gnawed,
which, they kiss,
the cold cement of Thoughts,
what still prays,
in front of the lattice of some Altars,
full of Saints of Prisons,
to whom the whole Existence is not enough
until Liberation,
in the Paradise of their own,
Infernos.

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